The New *Kilmainham* Ballad.

To the Tune of, *Ye Commons and Peers.*

AT a Seſſions of Late,
there aroſe a Debate,
Which the *Dons* of the Country reſented;
where 'tis ſaid that the Jury
in miſtaken Fury
An Orthodox Church-man Preſented.

By a P---r at their Head
theſe Gentlemen lead,
Did boldly petition his Grace,
that Buſineſs to quiet
which they thought a Riot,
And guard the Queen's Majeſty's Peace.

But the good Man in black
no Courage did lack, (Ace,
Gave no ground, nor did bate them an
tho' they huf't and look'd big, Sir,
they frighten'd not *Hig*, Sir,
But he bravely ſupported his place.

Of his Actions to boaſt,
they began with a Toaſt,
to *William* their Hero brave:
Ah Sir! I profeſs,
'tis a pitiful Caſe
To diſturb a Man's Reſt in his Grave.

In peace let him lye,
with his Memory, (Throne;
While our Glorious Queen *Anne* ſills the
by Birth and by Merit
long may ſhe inherit,
In ſpight of her Foes, what's her own.

But her Foes; who unite
to Invade her juſt Right,
Wou'd be their own Monarchs Electors,
to pull *High-flyers* down
thoſe faſt Friends of the Crown,
And ſet up themſelves for Protectors.

Still her Enemies aim
at their 41 Game,
Enrag'd, while they Cant *Moderation;*
that Knaves may turn Trump
as the P-------t Rump, (Nation.
Palm'd bad Votes for good Laws of the

Some with Addle-pates,
in furious Debates,
Have rail'd at the Gown in great paſſion,
'cauſe they have their hearts on
Fanatical *W-----n*, (Faſhion.
VVho wou'd fain bring the Cloak into

Hence theſe Gentlemen boldly,
on the Doctor fell fouly,
for ſlighting an Health ſo profane,
They'd give him their VVord
of their own accord,
In the *Peace* he'd no longer remain.

They told him in ſhort,
he attempted the part,
To be for the *Tories* a Bully,
but Reverend *Maſter*,
you'll find the *Diſaſter*,
VVe'll make you come off Sir but dully.

For they thought without doubt
the Doctor muſt out, (ſummon;
VVhen their Train they together did
tho' vainly apply'd,
that every ſide, (mon.
Shou'd hope what they wiſh, is but com-

The Doctor ne'rleſs
is come off with Succeſs,
As his principles honeſt, aſſiſted;
tho' the VVorld does diſcloſe,
that his Friends at the *Roſe*,
A Sentence ſo juſt have reſiſted.

For as we do hear,
they cited to Swear,
Some perſons in Office and Truſt;
I ſhall inſtance but One,
that is as good as Ten,
The *Maker* of the Queen's *Pye-cruſt*.

This VVitneſs they ſay,
lives at *Drogheda*,
An Evidence chief in the Caſe,
But ſhe wou'd not be ſeen,
for fear leaſt the Queen,
Shou'd turn her out of her place.

Thus by giving them rope
they have anſwer'd our ſcope,
And their Line is now brought to an End.
The Doctor's juſt Cauſe,
For our Queen and Her Laws,
The Church's *True Friends* will defend,

But as it is common,
when Death Men does ſummon,
For Life to make Efforts in vain,
So their impotent *Malice*
has made ſome faint Sallies
But now dead, may they ne'er riſe again.

FINIS.